

SUMMER.

From brightning fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth;
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever fanning breezes, on his way;
While from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushing face; and earth and skies
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves."

THOMPSON.

DELIGHTFUL it is to notice the blendings of the
Spring and Summer days; how the buds of trees
and flowers burst into blossom from day to day,
like the fulfilment in youth of the buds and pro-
mises of childhood.

"Beautiful Summer! I greet you well!
Binding the earth with a flowing spell,
Coming with light for the golden hours,
Bringing the rose for the nightingale's bowers;
Lading with perfume the blossoming tree,
Filling the woods with deep melody,
Coming with gladness, and joy, and light,
Beautiful Summer! the gay and bright!

"Beautiful Summer! I love you now,
For ye come with smiles for the drooping brow,